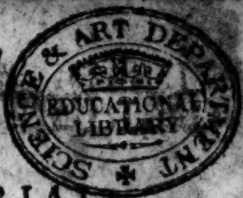


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THE
DEATH AND BURIAL
OF
COCK ROBIN;

AS

Taken from the original MANUSCRIPT, in
the Possession of

MASTER MEANWELL.

LICHFIELD :

Printed and Sold by M. MORGAN, and

18. 12. 71.

A. MORGAN, Stafford.

[62. 767]

LITTLE ROBIN RED-BREAST,
Sat upon a rail ;
Niddle noddle went his head,
And wag went his tail.



Go, pretty bird, and speed thy flight,
And give the little girl delight ;
To *Polly's* window take thy way,
Who scorns to leave her book for play ;
Then sing to her the song of truth,
That love of learning in a youth,
Is the best virtue ever seen ;
And makes the lowest like a queen.

1701. 50

(3)

Here lies Cock Robin,
Dead and cold ;



His end, this book,
Will soon unfold.

A

An ELEGY on
The DEATH and BURIAL of
C O C K R O B I N.

WHO killed *Cock Robin*?
I, says the *Sparrow*,
With my bow and arrow,
And I killed *Cock Robin*.



This is the *Sparrow*,
With his bow and arrow.

Who

COCK ROBIN.

5

Who saw him die ?
I, said the *Fly*,
With my little eye ;
And I saw him die.

This is the *Fly*,
With his little eye.



Who caught his blood ?
I, said the *Fish*.
With my little dish ;
And I caught his blood.

This

The DEATH and BURIAL of

This is the *Fish*,
That held the dish.



Who made his shroud?
I, said the *Beetle*,
With my little needle,
And I made his shroud.

THE

COCK ROBIN.

7

This is the *Beetle*,
With his thread and needle.



Who shall dig his grave?
I, said the *Owl*.
With my spade and show'l,
And I'll dig his grave,

This

The DEATH and BURIAL of

This is the *Owl* so brave,
That dug *Cock Robin's* grave.



Who will be the parson?
I, said the *Rook*,
With my little book,
And I'll be the parson.

Here's parson *Rook*,
A reading his book.

Who

COCK ROBIN.



Who will be the clerk ?
I, said the *Lark*,
If 'tis not in the dark,
And I will be the clerk.



The DEATH and BURIAL of

Behold how the *Lark*,
Says Amen, like a clerk,

Who'll carry him to the grave?
I, said the *Kite*,
If 'tis not in the night;
And I'll carry him to his grave.

Behold the *Kite*,
How he takes his flight.



Who

COCK ROBIN.

11

Who will carry the link ?

I, said the *Linnet*,
I'll fetch it in a minute ;
And I'll carry the link.

Here's the *Linnet* with a light,
Altho' 'tis not night.



Who'll be the chief mourner ;

I, said the *Dove*. -
For I mourn for my love ;
And I'll be the chief mourner.

Here's



Here's a pretty *Dove*,
That mourn'd for her love.

Who'll bear the pall ;
We, says the *Wren*,
Both the cock and the hen,
And we'll bear the pall.

See the *Wrens* so small,
Who held *Cock Robin's* pall.

Who'll



Who'll sing the psalm ?
 I, says the *Thrush*,
 As she sat in a bush ;
 And I'll sing a psalm.

The

Here's a fine *Thrush*,
Singing psalms in a bush.



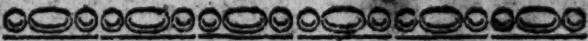
Who will toll the bell?
I, says the *Bull*,
Because I can pull,
So *Cock Robin* farewell.

All



All the birds in the air,
Fell to fighting and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll,
For poor *Cock Robin*.

F I N I S.



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